

# Washington's Second Invasion

By Jane Drew



AMBASSADOR  
JUSSERAND  
HARRIS W. EDWING



BARONESS  
SHIDEHARA  
HARRIS W. EDWING



FRENCH EMBASSY  
HARRIS W. EDWING



BRITISH EMBASSY  
HARRIS W. EDWING



AMBASSADOR  
GEDDES  
HARRIS W. EDWING

**H**AS this been Washington or has it been Tokyo, Paris or London? Since November 11, visitors will may be excused for asking this question. It was then the foreigners came to town. In a way, Washington, for the second time in its history, has been in the hands of the invader. But this time he was on peaceful mission bent with no thought of burning the capitol and the White House, or of driving President and Mrs. Harding into hurried flight, with a few executive valuables gathered up under their arms.

The great conference of discussing the limitation of armaments and Far Eastern problems has overshadowed all things. The foreign diplomats in Washington with their secretaries, councillors and attaches and with the wives, sisters and daughters, if they had them, always have been strong factors in the solving of the problem of how to keep capital society moving. With a thousand or two additional foreigners here to buttress the social efforts, the really necessary social efforts, of the resident diplomats, the Old World has had a powerful social hand over the New World, as it is represented in this good capital of the United States.

The White House, of course, dominates the embassies in every social sense, but it is the only seat of social activity and social influence in Washington which has so dominated them this winter. In society, interest in the foreigners and in their doings temporarily has clouded interest in the social doings of the congressional, the judiciary, the army and navy and the residential coteries.

All the visiting foreigners, great and near great, have made the embassies of their country their rallying places. There have been so many of the French, British, Italian, Japanese and others here that no embassy has been big enough to hold all its countrymen even for a rapidly coming and going reception, but the embassies are home soil and there not only is the national standard displayed for each country, but there is set also what may be called the social standard for all the "alien doings."

The ambassadors and ministers of foreign countries and their families always have been hospitably inclined. It is, of course, a part of diplomatic duty to maintain relations with other countries through the medium of the tea-cup. They are back today to pre-war conditions with a good deal added to make them powerfully attractive.

Jules J. Jusserand, ambassador from France, is dean of the diplomatic corps, having arrived in this country to assume the duties of his office February 7, 1903. This gives him ten years more service than his nearest competitor, Senor Riano, the ambassador from Spain. During this nearly score of years Ambassador Jusserand has so familiarized himself with Americans and American affairs that he well might be called an American himself.

The social activities at the great French embassy on Sixteenth street are directed by Mme. Jusserand, who was born of American parents residing in Paris at the time of her birth. She speaks French and English equally well. As hosts the French ambassador and his gracious wife have no superiors in this or any other city. It is apparent to anyone at all familiar with the personnel of the foreign colony in Washington that the dean of the corps and his wife are looked up to as leaders for whom one and all have a sincere admiration and deep affection. This is the feeling also of most people who know them, for the Jusserands have made many strong and lasting friendships in the large circle of Americans who, through the exigencies of politics, have been here for a longer or shorter time.

It is the custom of diplomats to make more or less frequent visits to the home land and up to the time of the beginning of the great World war in 1914 the French ambassador and Mme. Jusserand always spent the summers in Europe. They were there when the war torch set Europe on fire, but managed to get back to this country, traveling separately and incognito. Then, while the strife continued, they remained here constantly, never leaving Washington for more than a few days at

a time. Their relaxation consisted of a drive each afternoon in their victoria, drawn by a span of horses and recognized by all people in this region by the tricolor cockades in the tall hats of the driver and footman.

The French ambassador has adopted the American breakfast. When weather permits, he takes it on the roof of the embassy instead of following the custom with which all travelers to France are familiar. Also, when the weather is congenial, afternoon tea is served on a porch. It is at these teas, quite informal, that the Jusserands get in close touch with Washington society, official, diplomatic and others. On these occasions Mme. Jusserand presides over the tea-cups with the dignified simplicity that characterizes her at all times. She is always well gowned, never overdressed, never appearing in anything approaching the bizarre.

It is considered of the utmost importance to all the members of the diplomatic corps that they make their calls at the home of the dean and his wife as soon as possible after their arrival in Washington. It would be hard to estimate how many calls have been made in this way, hundreds surely, and possibly thousands. As the number of diplomats is small compared to the rest of the people who figure in Washington society, all of whom make many calls each year on the Jusserands, a person mathematically inclined might find some amusement in computing the approximate number of visits which probably have been made at the French embassy during the past eighteen years.

To the casual visitor in Washington, the embassies and legations seem practically inaccessible, whereas such is not the case. To say the official homes of the foreign colony are easy of access would be nearer the truth. The representatives of other countries and their families go more than halfway to meet Americans. It is true they follow the rules and regulations laid down by polite society and are punctilious about calls, precedence and other social amenities, but they are most appreciative of courtesies which bring them in more intimate touch with the affairs outside of diplomatic formalities.

It is a pretty safe statement to say that all diplomats speak at least one language other than that which is native to them. The majority do better than that and are more or less familiar with half a dozen or so, speaking more than half of them fluently. It has been noticeable that for some years the wives of the men who are sent to Washington from countries in all parts of the world have perfected themselves in languages.

There are two ways of placing the rank of the heads of embassies and legations. In the matter of precedence at society doings the ambassadors rank the ministers, irrespective of the length of time of residence here. For instance, the minister of Portugal, Viscount d'Alte, came to Washington just nine months before the French ambassador, M. Jusserand, arrived. However, all the ambassadors must pass ahead of the viscount and all the wives of the ambassadors would precede the wife of Viscount d'Alte, if he had one.

The other method of rating the embassies takes into consideration the order of their establishment in Washington. The founding of embassies here is a part of history and goes deeper to the root of international relations than the appointment of ambassadors. The importance of the British embassy cannot be underestimated and yet Sir Auckland Geddes, the British ambassador, must take his place tenth in line because nine colleagues of

other countries were appointed to serve in Washington before he was.

The British embassy, a great building on Connecticut avenue, whose warm red brick exterior, has recently received a coat of yellow paint, always has been the scene of frequent social hospitality. Today it has, as ambassador and host, a genial and naturally social chief, Lady Geddes is American born, a fact which probably is duly appreciated by her husband today in more ways than one, for this American wife of a British ambassador knows what the visiting foreigners expect and what Americans expect, and knows how to conciliate things so that the social current moves smoothly although it must move rapidly.

The Japanese are great entertainers. All Washington likes to go to the affairs given either by the Japanese ambassador, Baron Shidehara, and his wife, the baroness, or by his juniors in rank and place. Ordinarily the Japanese ladies wear the evening gowns of western usage, but occasionally and probably with sighs of relief they appear in the comfortable and beautiful costumes of the homeland. A real Japanese reception is a feast for the eye and Washington today more than ever before knows what real Japanese social affairs can be in picturesque effectiveness.

The Baroness Shidehara, who left Washington some months ago with her children, has recently returned. During her absence the ranking lady was Mme. Saburi, wife of the first secretary of the embassy, and in the absence of the wife of the ambassador she acted as hostess at the great formal affairs given by the ambassador. Mme. Saburi formerly was lady in waiting to the empress of Japan, and her husband, Mr. Saito Saburi, was tutor to the crown prince. Both are clever linguists, speaking English fluently.

It is customary for all hostesses of embassies and legations to be assisted at receptions, teas or whatnot by the members of the staffs, their wives, sisters, daughters and mothers if they happen to possess them. One rarely hears of an entertainment being given by a diplomat outside of the official residences. It naturally follows that these official homes must be of generous dimensions. Some few are owned by the home governments, but the majority are leased. The Mexican government has purchased the residence on Sixteenth street of former secretary of the treasury, Franklin MacVeagh, for use as an embassy. Russia, whose emissary occupies an anomalous diplomatic position, owing to the chaotic condition of Russian governmental affairs, purchased the great Pullman residence some years ago. It stands on Sixteenth street a few blocks north of the White House. Just across the street from the Mexican embassy, the Cuban government has erected a most pretentious legation to house its representatives. The British government owns its embassy and the legations of China, the Netherlands and Siam are the property of the countries which they represent. All the foreign official residences are located within a certain radius, a wide one to be sure, in the northwestern part of the national capital.

During the past few years and since the war the embassies and legations have increased materially in number. There are 44 official foreign homes here. Twelve of them are embassies and 34 are legations. As soon as international relations are thoroughly established between the United States and Germany and Austria there will be two more.

Before the vast number of temporary diplomats to Washington there were approximately 400 members of the corps in residence here. Four embassies and one legation are presided over by women who, before their marriages, were Americans. This is not a large number compared with some former years, when the number ran up to more than twice that. It is interesting to learn what a mixture of nationalities through intermarriage there is in the diplomatic corps of Washington. For example, Rumania is represented by Prince Bibesco, whose wife, the princess, is the daughter of former Premier Asquith of Great Britain.

The assistant military attache of the Italian embassy is Captain Carlo Huntington, whose last name indicates his American ancestry. Many European diplomats have contracted international marriages, but those from the Latin-American countries and from Asia almost invariably marry women of their own race. However, the counselor of the Chinese legation, Mr. Yung Kwai, has, for his wife, a Massachusetts woman. They have a large family of children who, unlike the majority of foreign children in Washington, are being brought up as Americans.

The past year has seen many changes in the personnel of the diplomatic corps. Italy has sent a new ambassador, Senor Ricci, who with his wife, the ambassadress, are taking an important part in the social side of the capital city life.



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"She cast me aside like an old shoe."  
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—Boston Transcript.

A cat may look at a king, but the average man would rather look at four aces any time.

The prices of cotton and linen have been doubled by the war. Lengthen their service by using Red Cross Ball Blue in the laundry. All grocers—Advertisement.

**MOTHER! MOVE**  
**CHILD'S BOWELS WITH**  
**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP**

**Sensible Moon.**  
We were out riding one moonlight night, and it soon became cloudy and started to rain. Marion asked where the moon had gone. I tried to explain that the clouds had come between the moon and us, but she wasn't satisfied with that and offered her own explanation.  
"I know where the moon is. It went under the cloud 'cause it didn't want to get wet."—Cleveland News Leader.

**Only One Friend Left.**  
Marjorie was three years old when her brother was born, and was jealous when anybody paid any attention to the newcomer, for she had received all the attention before.  
One day when her brother was about two weeks old dad was holding him and calling him pet names which formerly belonged to Marjorie.  
She sat in the corner for some time, and at last, when she could endure it no longer, she burst out: "Nothing will ever think of holding me any longer but the floor."

**New Use for Antique Eggs.**  
"Good morning," said an English housewife to her grocer. "I'd like another dozen of them eggs you sent me yesterday."  
"Folks like 'em, eh?" observed the shopman.  
"Never mind the folks," she retorted. "I want 'em for a special purpose. They're going to get me left off on a quarter's rent."  
"Indeed! Are you going to offer your landlord some appetizing pancakes?"  
"Not exactly," she replied. "You see, it's this way. He's comin' round this morning for the money, so if I crack 'em and hide 'em in our backyard, it's ten to one he'll cry quits about the rent, thinkin' it's the drains."—Boston Transcript.

**His Authority.**  
Some tourists who were being driven through the Yosemite valley asked the driver if he knew how old the big trees were.  
"Sure I know," he answered.  
"How old are they, then?"  
"Three thousand and six years, goin' on three thousand and seven."  
"How do you know the number so exactly?"  
"Well, there was a smart young woman out here from Boston, and she said they was three thousand years old, and as that was a little over six years ago they must be goin' on three thousand and seven now."—Harper's Magazine.

**Uses Radio Telephone.**  
The fire department chief in a New Jersey city has equipped his automobile with a radio telephone to enable him to keep in touch with headquarters at all times.  
"How much easier it is to buy things on the installment plan than it is to pay for them that way!"  
There is about as much sense in a woman's reason as there is in a man's excuse.

**Will your "Good Morning" last all day?**

Easy to start from the breakfast table with zest and enthusiasm, but how easy is it to keep on? Does ambition last, or lag, as the day develops?

The afternoon "slump" is a factor to be counted upon, in business or social life.

Usually there's a reason.

Nerves whipped by tea or coffee won't keep on running, and they won't stand constant whipping.

Many a man or woman who has wished the afternoon would be as bright as the morning has simply been wishing that the nerves wouldn't have to pay the natural penalty for being whipped with the caffeine drug.

Postum gives a breakfast cup of comfort and cheer, without any penalties afterward. There's no "letting down" from Postum—no midday drowsiness to make up for midnight wakefulness; no headaches; no nervous indigestion; no increase of blood pressure.

Think it over. There's full satisfaction in Postum—a cup of comfort for anybody (the children included), any time.

You can get Postum from your grocer or your waiter today, and probably you'll begin to have better tomorrows, as so many thousands have had, who have made the change from coffee to Postum.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes. Sold by all grocers.

**Postum for Health**  
"There's a Reason"